

## **Tongue Ring by Carrera\_os**

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**Summary:**

Billy gets a tongue ring

"Are you fucking kidding me rat king, I can't kiss you because of that thing!" Steve is a huffing pouting mess as he stares at Billy's stupid pierced tongue. He fucking loves that tongue, this is not fair! How can Billy be so selfish? He knows Steve's favorite thing to do is kiss him.

## **Tongue Ring**

### **The Tongue Ring**

"I can't believe you got your tongue pierced, you really are the rat king." Steve complains as he watches Billy's swollen tongue come out, bar catching on his teeth and now his boyfriend is cursing. "Why do I like you?" Steve rolls his eyes, he is not sympathetic to Billy's plight but he does not like Billy hurting either so he grabs a cup and fills it with ice holding it out to him. "Maybe this will help."

Billy takes it grumbling, embarrassed that he is not immediately one with his tongue ring, pissed at his tongue for swelling up. He was told it would but that does not make Billy any less offended when it actually does. Steve being unimpressed is not helping matters, he did this for Steve, well he did this for what he will be able to do to Steve. He should be grateful not apathetic.

"You're on your own for dinner, I am not making something else I already started the chicken." Steve says planting a kiss on Billy's cheek as he walks by, he does not have anything better to do than hangout with Billy but watching Billy struggle to eat ice chips is liable to send Steve into a fit of laughter, which will just lead to a fight. So he decides it is best to leave Billy to his own devices.

Billy grumbles to himself, angrily chomping on ice, it hurts even as it helps. He will show Steve, just as soon as his tongue is healed up, Billy will teach Steve to love his new tongue ring.

"Kiss?" Steve asks when he slips into his bed, he is a little surprised Billy decided to stay over. Billy had struggled through eating the chicken and sides Steve made for dinner, determined to eat with him

and refusing to heat up some of the soup Steve took out to thaw for him, despite his insistence that Billy was on his own. Billy's mood had not improved and instead of going home like Steve thought he had, Steve found him in bed reading some battered copy of a book Steve will never read when he came up.

Billy glances at Steve like he is contemplating it, like he might not, just to watch Steve get that little crease between his eyes before leaning over and giving him a chested kiss on the cheek. Billy watches as Steve's frown deepens, reaches out the hand not holding his book open to Steve's brow and smooths it out. "No, a real kiss." Steve insists after another moment, pressing into Billy's hand.

"No can do pretty boy." Billy waggles his tongue, careful not to catch the bar on his teeth. He likes rolling it against the back of his teeth but his tongue is still sore and he does not want to tug it hard again.

"Are you fucking kidding me rat king, I can't kiss you because of that thing!" Steve is a huffing pouting mess as he stares at Billy's stupid pierced tongue. He fucking loves that tongue, this is not fair! How can Billy be so selfish? He knows Steve's favorite thing to do is kiss him.

Billy lets out a laugh as he slaps his book down on the nightstand before dragging Steve in close. "Just a couple of days and then you can have all of the kisses you want and more bambi." Billy knows exactly how much Steve likes kisses, is always asking for them, turns all loose and puddly when Billy spends hours just softly kissing him.

"I like the sound of more." Steve says that frown easing from his face as he smiles at Billy leaning in just the little bit necessary to rub their noses together.

"Course you do." Billy huffs out a laugh against Steve's face. "In the meantime you'll have to make up for my inability." Billy grins, he likes Steve's mouth just as much as Steve likes his.

Steve hums as he presses closer until his mouth is against Billy's cheek, Billy can feel each movement of his lips as he talks. "I think I am up to the task."

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Billy has let his tongue heal for three day and now he is just waiting for Steve to get home from work. Steve is running late, Billy had used his key so he could wait for Steve in his room. The lights are off, dusk nearly over and melting into night and Billy is sitting in the dark in Steve's rolling desk chair waiting. Billy rolls the barbell against his teeth, letting the clicks distract him.

Dusk is completely gone by the time Billy hears Steve come in. Billy adjusts his seating, going for sultry as he hears Steve trudging up the stairs. Billy has his tongue out, licking over his mouth as the door opens and the light flicks on blinding him.

"For fucks sake!" Billy hears Steve shriek as he hears him hit the ground. Billy is still blinking spots out of his eyes. "What the fuck Billy, you scared the shit out of me!" Steve hisses and Billy can kind of make him out now, hunched over as he uses the bed to pull himself from the ground.

"I Came to make good on those kisses I owe you pretty boy." Steve huffs out an exasperated sigh as Billy gets right to the point, blowing over nearly giving Steve a heart attack. "So how about you get over here and I can get started."

Sometimes Steve really wishes he had the ability to say no, to demand an apology, anything really because in the face of Billy's demands he is helpless. He never does manage to deny Billy and who can blame him, other than Nancy and Dustin who have a lot of thoughts on the matter but they are not here right now and Steve never listens to them about Billy anyhow. It does not mean he is

quiet about it. "Why were you waiting in the dark like a creep rat king?"

As soon as Steve is within reach Billy has a firm hold on his hips and pulls him down into his lap, the wheely chair slides back a few inches with their momentum. "Just putting on a show for yah princess." Billy's breath tickles Steve's lips as he speaks and Steve strains forward desperate for a proper kiss.

"You're so fucking dramatic." Steve whispers shivering as Billy's tongue brushes his lips, breath hitching as Billy angles his tongue so that the ball of the bar brushes Steve's skin. It is not cold, warmed by Billy's mouth but it feels cool when compared directly with the heat of Billy's tongue as he dips it into Steve's mouth.

Billy hums as Steve quivers in his arms, smirking into the kiss as he feels Steve's tongue tentatively brushing over the bar. Billy likes the feel of it, of tasting Steve's mouth with cool metal through his tongue, likes the way Steve's hips give a hitch when he pulls the ball against the roof of his mouth. Billy cannot wait to feel it drag over the rest of Steve, cannot wait to see the responses he will evoke.

Billy is content for now, spends a long slow few minutes just pressing that ball to every inch of Steve's mouth he can. Content to let Steve suck on it, tongue more sure in its movements now as he swirls it around the barbell. Content to slowly rut against one another unhurried, the chair sliding them across the room as they rock it, wheels helpless to their gentle momentum.

Steve is surprised by how much he actually likes the feel of the barbell in his mouth. He honestly thought it was just going to be some dumb annoying thing he was going to have to put up with. But when it rubs gently almost tickling against his tongue, Steve thinks maybe all the clicking is not so bad.

They break apart as they rock the chair right into the wall, both

laughing at the sudden jarring. "I believe there was a promise of more." Steve grins all teeth, he wants to feel that barbell all over.

Billy smirks, arms going tight around Steve as he stands. Steve just like always scrambles for perches, even though he knows Billy will not drop him. "I'm going to make you quake pretty boy."

"You're so cheesy." Steve huffs on a laugh as Billy drops them to the bed, his full weight pushing Steve down into the bed. "Put your money where your mouth is rat king." Steve baits grinning.

**Author's Note:**

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